Warm Me Up by Basilintime

Category: IT (Movies - Muschietti), IT - Stephen King
Genre: Blow Jobs, Established Relationship, M/M, PWP, Post-Canon, Sex, Smut, Thigh High Socks, exploring fashion and expression
Language: English
Characters: Eddie Kaspbrak, Richie Tozier
Relationships: Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier
Status: Completed
Published: 2019-12-08
Updated: 2019-12-08
Packaged: 2019-12-16 18:35:17
Rating: Explicit
Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Chapters: 1
Words: 4,583
Publisher: archiveofourown.org
Summary:

Eddie finds he loves wearing thigh high socks but is nervous how Richie will react to them. He finally decides to let Richie see them and finds that he appreciates them as much as Eddie does.

Warm Me Up

Eddie had always been a fan of socks. They had always felt like a way to express himself even when his job, school, life or wife had dictated for his wardrobe to be otherwise traditional. Colorful socks were easy to get away with even when you were wearing a suit for a business trip.

Clothes were something he was reclaiming a bit now that Myra was out of the picture. It was something that Richie teased him about a bit, always in a gentle way, for his choice of muted colored shirts and jeans. It was during one of his trips to try and find a new pair of shoes that he noticed the display of socks in the women's section of the store. Ankle socks, knee socks and then ones that seemed to stretch even further.

There was one pair that caught his eye. Eddie paused and stared at them for a long moment as he debated whether he should follow the instinct to buy them. They were like his old socks when he was younger. White with red at the top only they were long. Far longer. Thigh highs.

"Are you thinking about a pair of those for your girlfriend for Christmas?"

Eddie startled a bit when the voice spoke up brightly behind him and he turned to find one of the salespeople giving him a questioning smile. He felt his face grow hot as he grabbed the socks off the rack quickly and shoved them in the basket.

"Yep, yeah. I'm good, thanks." Eddie stammered the words out before stomping away around the corner. The moment he was out of sight he pressed his back against the shelves of shoes and took a deep breath. He knew he shouldn't have reacted that way but between the immediate assumption of heteronormativity and the fact that it couldn't have been further from the truth of the situation had made him panic.

Eddie had taken a few seconds to calm down before he finally looked down into the basket at the socks. He realized as he did

that it wasn't a single pair but two that were packaged together. The inverse of each other. The white socks with red bands that had caught his eyes and a pair that was dark red with white bands at the top which felt infinitely more…something. Just more. Eddie buried the socks in the bottom of his basket with a few random selected packs of plain white socks from the shelves before moving to find himself a new pair of boots to wear for the winter weather that was setting in.

*

Eddie took to wearing the socks when he was home alone to try them out before he let Richie see them. First, beneath his sweatpants as he moved around their small Seattle apartment while Rich was off working on auditions and shows. He had a hard time pinning down how they made him feel. Special was one way. The fabric stretching all the way up his legs, smooth and warm and a bit like a secret. There had been one day Richie got him earlier than expected and Eddie had still been wearing them under his sweats. He'd felt as if Richie was going to be able to tell and part of him had hoped that he would call him on it.

Richie hadn't noticed though and Eddie had slipped them off in the bathroom before they'd gone to bed.

Next, Eddie moved up to wearing the socks with just his boxer-briefs and a sweatshirt when he was home alone. This felt even more scandalous but even more like he was walking around in his own skin for the first time. He stuck to the white socks, the red ones still feeling a bit too…much. He didn't know what it was about the dark red fabric but they felt more risqué.

Eddie liked his legs in the thigh high socks. Like the way they ended just short of the slightly over-sized sweatshirt he'd stolen from Richie's side of the closet. Richie was gone a lot right then, trying to get new material pinned down for starting a rotation of local shows as a new sort of 'debut' tour. He could tell that he was nervous about it. There had been a lot of changes for them both between moving in together in a different state, both of them making drastic changes in regards to work and coming out as a couple. The return to the stage for stand-up had been weighing on Richie a lot.

And so, after a couple of weeks of wearing the socks on his own, Eddie decided to see what Richie might think of them. He'd be lying if he said he wasn't nervous. He would also be lying if he pretended like there wasn't at least a little bit of a thrill at the thought that Richie might like them on him as much as he did.

It was cold out, the snow falling past the window of their top floor condo. It was one of those dreary nights where he knew everything was going to be iced over before long and the next morning, they had nothing planned. Eddie had finished doing his edits to the latest work that Bill had sent him, red marks made through out. (He was disappointed in Bill for believing a fall from a five-story building was survivable. Did the guy do research *at all?*)

Richie would be home all day tomorrow as well. A break from his work after taking so much time to make sure he had a solid show set up.

So, Eddie had sat and contemplated his legs while wearing the long, dark red socks with their little white bands at the top. He was wearing an over-sized sweater this time and had slipped out of his sweatpants to just his boxer-briefs and those socks. He was nervous that Richie would make fun or, even worse, that he'd be disapproving of them. Remind Eddie they weren't really made for someone like him and that he should go back to his more sensible socks.

He'd kept them on in the end. Trust Richie to at least hold his tongue if nothing else. Eddie nervously cleaned even though there wasn't anything that needed to be cleaned. It kept him occupied as he watched the clock for when he knew Richie was supposed to be home. The snow might delay him some but Richie was rarely home later than eight each night unless there was an actual show on. When Eddie got the text from Richie that he'd be home soon, he tried to force himself to sit patiently and wait.

He sat on the couch, a blanket over his lap hiding the fact that he was all boxers, socks and long legs from the waist down. He didn't want it to be obvious right off the bat, felt nervous as he curled up and turn on the television to pass the last bits of time.

The first thing that heralded Richie's return home was the sound of him fumbling with the key outside their door. Eddie felt a small spike of something in his gut as he looked over the back of the couch to the front door as it opened. Richie appeared, bundled up in his jacket, scarf and gloves from the cold outside. He must have been covered in snow when he first came into the building because he now had water droplets falling off the top of his beanie. His glasses were fogged as well as he dumped his side bag by the front door before starting to work on getting out of his outer wear.

"Jesus, fuck, it's coming down out there, Eds. I'm a fucking popsicle. You're going to have to warm me up."

Eddie watched him dump all his winter gear off on the floor. If Richie could have seen him through his water spotted and half fogged glasses, he'd be able to see the daggers Eddie was sending his way for leaving the mess lying there. Instead, Richie gave him a lopsided smile that wasn't quite aimed in the right direction before he kicked off his boots and moved join him on the couch.

"I swear to Christ, Richie, if you press your goddamn freezing cold hands against any part of my skin-" Richie leaned over him to immediately do just that; Eddie yelped as he felt Richie press his cold hands against the back of his neck, a sound that was lost when Richie also pressed their lips together. That thrilling jolt shot through him again as he pulled the blanket a little closer around him as Richie practically laid down on top of him on the couch.

"You swear what now, Eddie Spaghetti?" Richie pulled out of the kiss and mumbled the words against his lips as he tucked his hands down the back of his sweater. Eddie recoiled, forgot himself and kicked lightly at Richie to get him and his freezing cold hands away from him.

"I'm going to kick your ass, you jerk." Richie laughed, a warm sound as he sat back on the other end of the couch by Eddie's feet that were now peeking out from beneath the blanket. If Richie noticed the dark red of the socks, he didn't comment or seem to think anything of them at first as he sat down and pushed his legs underneath the blanket beside Eddie's.

“How was your day, darling love of my life?” Richie asked it in an innocent tone of voice as he reached under the blanket to slide his hand up Eddie’s leg to his calf. It was clear his intent was to get him with his ice-cold hands again but instead there was confusion as he felt the fabric of Eddie’s sock continue upward.

Eddie sat frozen; breath held as he waited to see what Richie’s reaction would be. His hand continued up to Eddie’s knee and then to his thigh until it finally reached the top of the sock sitting snug against his skin. Richie gave him a quizzical look, his fingers running along the edge of the fabric for a second before a small twist of a grin came to his lips.

“Eddie, my love, what are you wearing?”

“Socks.” Eddie said it almost defiantly though he could feel the pleased flush crawling up his neck. Richie shifted his weight a little on the couch, pressed his hand a little further past the top of the sock to momentarily brush against the hem of his boxer-briefs. Eddie gave a curse at the cold touch of his fingertips and pushed him away gently with his knee. “Your hands are cold.”

“You’re not wearing pants.” Richie gave him a look as if this somehow meant he was being hypocritical. He tugged at the blanket and Eddie let him pull it away, watched Richie’s face closely as he saw the fabric of the socks clinging to his legs. The socks had a bit of a sweater texture to them, a little thicker with an obvious weave to them. Richie looked a little surprised at first and then his expression shifted to something that Eddie couldn’t quite read. “Shit Eds.”

“They’re stupid. I can go take them off.” Eddie winced a little, felt some small sheepish part of him recoil as he moved to pull away but Richie stopped him. Caught his calves in his hands gently as he shook his head.

“No, no they look good on you. They look…fucking hot. Shit, you’ve always had nice legs. When did you get these?” Eddie narrowed his eyes a little as he tried to tell if Richie was joking or trying to cover for his initial reaction. Richie looked up at him over the tops of his glasses though and Eddie could see the longing. The lust that set twist of desire through him.

“I’ve had them for a little while. Been wearing them while you’ve been out.” Eddie shifted, sat up a little straighter as he reached to put his hands over Richie’s. He directed his palms up along his calves again, along the soft fabric of the socks and watched Richie swallow roughly. “Wasn’t sure if you’d like them.”

“I fucking love them.” Richie’s voice had gone a bit husky as he shifted closer and Eddie let his legs fall on either side of him to almost hug him between them. Eddie felt a sense of relief wash over him. He had known deep down that Richie wasn’t going to make him feel ashamed for wanting something like this. It was old habit to expect to be told he wasn’t supposed to or allowed to do or wear something that made him feel special. “I didn’t realize you, uh, liked these kinds of socks. If I had I would have got you some sooner.”

“Didn’t really know I liked them myself until I got a couple of pairs.” Eddie wrapped his legs around Richie who seemed more than willing to settle between them as he leaned to press another kiss to Eddie’s lips, a bit needier and deeper than before. Eddie had almost forgotten how cold Richie’s hands were until they once more pressed against his skin just above the hem of the socks and he gave a sound of complaint.

“What’s the matter, Eds? Don’t you want to help me warm up.” Richie started laughing, pulled out of the kiss and tickled his hands up along Eddie’s sides beneath the sweater.

“Oh, fuck you,” Eddie said between bursts of laughter as he tried to push Richie’s hands away. The two of them getting tangled up in the blanket as he tried to escape the icy touch. They almost fell off the couch together which led to another fit a laughter between them as Richie wrapped his arms tightly around him in a proper hug.

“That a promise?”

“Hm?” Eddie frowned a little as he felt Richie speak against his shoulder as they settled a bit after their near tumble.

“Fuck me? Preferably with the socks on?” Richie spoke quietly, his mouth finding that spot on Eddie’s neck just below his ear that felt extra sensitive. Eddie’s eyes fluttered closed as he felt the

suction on his skin, the warmth of Richie's tongue almost like an apology for his cold hands. He let his head fall back against the arm of the couch, exposed more of his throat to Richie as he felt an almost overwhelming sense of desire wash through him.

"You going to be the one to grab what we need and get yourself ready?" Eddie smoothed his hands down along Richie's back. Let his hands come to rest on his hips as he kept him trapped by his legs.

"I'm already more than ready. I want you just like this. You're so goddamn gorgeous." Richie trailed his tongue lower, dipped it down along Eddie's collar bone and a shiver went down his spine at the feel of it. The thought of Richie's tongue being used on other parts of him rising up as Eddie pressed his hips upwards. He pushed Richie down a little since he'd still not gotten up, a gentle nudge in the right direction and he heard a soft laugh.

Cold hands found their way up under his shirt once more but Eddie found it more of a thrill this time as Richie looked at him from over the frames of his glasses once more. His eyelids were heavy with lust as he slid slowly down while pushing Eddie's sweater up. The blanket was awkwardly bunched up between them and Eddie tugged at it to try and get free from it.

"Despite how incredible it sounds to just bend you over this couch and fuck you raw, I'd much rather make sure you're prepared, Trashmouth. There's other ways I can help warm you up though."

Richie gave a breathy sort of laugh, tugged at the blanket himself to get it out from between them and immediately sat up to wrap it around himself like a cape.

"You want me to be Captain Blowjob then, huh?" Richie waggled his eyebrows at him suggestively and Eddie stared at him for a solid ten seconds before shaking his head.

"Yeah, mood killed. Never mind." Eddie stood up from the couch as Richie gave him a soft pout as he carefully caught him by the waist to keep him from walking away. Eddie wasn't really planning on it, not seriously, because the last thing he could imagine

just then was walking away from Richie who was taking the time to slowly look him over.

Richie always made Eddie feel special, feel sexy, but just then there seemed to be something a little extra behind his look. His hands ran down along Eddie's ass to his thighs, found the top of the socks once more as Richie leaned forward to mouth at his boxer-briefs where his erection was obviously straining against the fabric. Eddie took a shaky breath, hips pressing forwards almost involuntarily. Richie's hands squeezed at the back of his thighs right at the top of the socks, encouraged him a bit more.

"Mood revived?" Richie mumbled the words as he looked up at him. He looked indecent; cheek pressed against Eddie's hip as he nuzzled against his abdomen.

"Yeah." Eddie managed to breath the word out, managed to find enough focus for that. "Just…fucking suck my cock, okay?"

"Fucking suck your cock…what?" Richie gave him a teasing look, pressed a kiss against his length through the fabric. Eddie reached down to knot a hand in his head, pulled softly at the stands that were a bit damp with snow and sweat from his time outside.

"Please?" Eddie said when Richie shook his head and looked up him expectantly.

"Captain?" Richie mirrored back in the same tone.

"I'm not calling you Captain, Rich." Eddie tried for deadpan but the effect was ruined some as Richie pressed his open mouth against the shape of his dick once more. Eddie felt his tongue this time, wetting the fabric as Richie worked his way along his clothed length. The moan slipped out with his words, eyes fluttering closed for a moment at the feel of it.

"Too late, you just did. God, your legs. Eds, I've always loved your legs but in these fucking socks they're just…fucking superb."

Eddie was going to argue at first. Was going to make it clear

he had *not* just called Richie 'Captain'. The argument was lost though as Richie rambled on, praised his legs as he ran his hands down along the fabric of the socks before moving back up to his boxer-briefs. Richie gave them a light tug, a question to make sure Eddie was a hundred percent on board despite their teasing. Eddie untangled his hands from Richie's hair and helped him slide the boxer-briefs off without rolling the socks down his legs as well.

The air was cool against his skin even with the heat on. Now that it was freed from the fabric his cock stood practically hitting Richie in the cheek. Eddie reached down to touch himself as Richie seemed to take a few moments just to stare, biting at his bottom lip as he toyed gently with the bottom of Eddie's sweater.

"Rich…" It was a question. A request that he wasn't quite able to find the words for. Richie looked up at him; hair messy, glasses slightly skewed and mouth parted. Eddie watched him with rapt attention as Richie leaned forward and caught the head of his cock in his mouth.

Eddie moaned, hands resting on Richie's shoulder as he slowly sucked more and more of Eddie's cock in. Richie's mouth was warm and wet and felt so good. Eddie gave an experimental thrust forward, slow and careful despite the desire to just fuck himself into Richie's throat. He wanted to make sure Richie was good though, that he wasn't going to catch him off guard or hurt him.

Richie responded with a hum, his hands massaging the back of Eddie's thighs as he too him just a little bit further into his mouth. Eddie started to move his hips as Richie hollowed out his cheeks sucking along the length of his cock as he slowly fucked his mouth. Everything faded into background noise. Eddie existed here, where his skin met with Richie's, the feel of the fabric wrapped around his legs and the bottom of his sweater getting caught up on his glasses and pulling them even more askew.

Richie continued to hum softly and erratically as his hands groped at Eddie's ass and thighs, encouraging him, acting greedy for him as he sucked and let his tongue lap along the underside of his cock.

“Fuck…Richie…” Eddie picked up his pace a little, ran his hands along Richie’s shoulders and then back up into his hair. He hadn’t been certain what to expect at first when they’d both come clean about their feelings for each other. Richie made him feel good though, seemed to know just what to do and Eddie in turn had relished the chance to find all the various ways to return that favor.

Richie took control for a moment, used his hold on Eddie’s thighs to pull him in closer so he could swallow down his full length. Eddie gave a soft curse, hands tangled into his hair at the sensation as he mumbled Richie’s name in quick succession. He had to fight to keep his hips from bucking forward as Richie slowly started to pull back, sucking hard and slow along the entire length of his cock until he reached the head. He spent a few moments giving some extra attention there, tongue swirling and pressing along the slit, before doing it all over again.

Eddie pushed against his head in encouragement this time as Richie sucked him back down, felt a wave of tension build up in his gut. He mumbled a short warning to, knew he wasn’t going to last much longer, and then found himself tumbling over that edge. Richie held him tight and close, swallowed around his cock as he came down the back of his throat and Eddie moaned low and needy.

His hips twitched a few times as he road the wave of his orgasm, hands gripped tight until it had passed and he muttered quiet words of praise as he smoothed his hands through the tousled strands.

“Fuck, Richie, that was good. That was really good.” Eddie mumbled the words as he leaned down to press a kiss to the top of Richie’s head. His glasses had gotten knocked off at some point and Eddie tried to figure out where they’d gone so he didn’t step on them. Richie smiled, looked almost proud as he continued to run his hands along Eddie’s thighs. Eddie finally spotted his glasses lying on the couch slightly tangled in the blanket and he reached to carefully scoop them up.

He heard Richie give a quiet gasp as he nuzzled against Eddie’s stomach, glanced down at him to find him with his own dick in hand tugging quickly.

“You don’t want me to take care of that?” Eddie set Richie’s glasses back in place as he spoke, hands lovingly cupping his cheeks to make him look up at him. Richie nodded, seemed to try and form the word and couldn’t, and just nodded again as he reluctantly let himself go.

Eddie lowered himself down to his knees in front of him, stole a quick kiss along the way and tasted himself on Richie’s lips. He ran his hands down along Richie’s shoulders and then his thighs. Watched him as he lowered his mouth down to the head of his cock and saw Richie’s expression go slack as he said Eddie’s name in a soft whine.

Eddie didn’t waste time, knew that Richie trended towards being overly sensitive, something he often took advantage of. He pushed down to the base of his cock, felt Richie’s hands run through his hair soft and gentle.

“God, Eds, you’re always so good to me. Aw fuck, I love you. I love you so much.” Richie’s whispered praise spilled out of him like his words so often did and Eddie felt a pool of warmth and love in his chest. He let his arms slip around Richie’s waist, a bit awkward but it brought him in close as Eddie bobbed his head in short quick motions, sucking hard to bring Richie to an end quick. He could always tell when Richie was about to come because he fell silent other than short, rapid breaths. He felt Richie’s hands grip the fabric of his sweater at his shoulders and Eddie picked up his speed slightly until he felt Richie cum with stilted breath.

He swallowed, Richie tasted salty and just a little bitter but in a way Eddie didn’t mind. He stayed, tongue lapping gently along his cock until he heard Richie mutter his name signaling his return to earth. He pulled back, sitting back on his heels as he made sure they hadn’t made a complete mess of anything. When he met Richie’s eyes, he found him looking back at him with an expression that made him blush all over again despite what they’d just done.

“Come on, it’s post-coital cuddle time,” Richie said as he tugged at Eddie’s sweater to try and pull him up into his lap.

“Richie, we really should get up and-“

“Nope! Absolutely not! We’re going to stay right here and get the couch completely filthy so that I can cuddle with my hot boyfriend for a while. Maybe we can even get a round two in.” Richie’s hold on him tightened when Eddie shifted to get up, nose wrinkling a little at the fact that both of them were still disheveled and partially clothed. He only put up a half-hearted fight though before giving in, snuggled down closer to Richie as he pulled the blanket over them both.

“I really like the socks,” Richie said after a few moment and Eddie gave a huff of laughter, smoothed his hand down along his own leg where the sock had slightly bunched down past his knees.

“I hadn’t noticed,” Eddie said a bit joking, feeling a little bit of fatigue settle over him. He pressed a kiss against Richie’s jaw, felt the rub of his stubble as they both settled and relaxed. “Thank you.”

“Thank me? Thank you for having surprisingly sexy taste in fashion,” Richie said a little over-eagerly. “You ever want more socks, you let me know. I’ll be more than happy to fund your fashion whims. Not to mention, I’ve definitely warmed up thanks to you.” Richie pressed his hands against Eddie’s side beneath his sweater to prove this point. Eddie closed his eyes, head resting on Richie’s shoulder as a bit of fatigue came over him.

“Well, then you’re welcome,” Eddie said as he tried to stifle a yawn. They fell silent, Eddie starting to doze off wrapped up in the warmth and acceptance of Richie’s presence.

“Another win for Captain Blowjob.” Eddie had almost dozed off when he heard Richie say the words quietly to himself with a laugh.

“Still never calling you that. You’re a fucking idiot.”

Author's Note:

I'm currently on a lot of cold medicine and I'm not great at writing smut even when I'm not a blob of

sick. But I think this is pretty okay and I like the idea of Eddie slowly feeling more and more capable of exploring what he truly likes and Richie being 110% supportive of it.